

## go live

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26437231) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26437231>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">camboy au</a> , <a href="#">Camboy George</a> , <a href="#">youtuber dream</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Delay/Denial</a> , <a href="#">Vibrators</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Facials</a> , <a href="#">dom dream</a> , <a href="#">Spanking</a> , <a href="#">Clothed Sex</a> , <a href="#">Verbal Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Crying</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Barebacking</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-13 Completed: 2020-09-16 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 6628

## go live

by [luckylikeyou](#)

### Summary

Camboy George asks his famous Youtuber boyfriend Dream to join him on one of his streams.

### Notes

please pretend in this fic no one has any idea what dream looks like physically (no characteristics he's given us irl like hair color, eye color) they just know his voice

# Chapter 1

“George, you can't be serious about this.”

George gives a dramatic sigh and tries to give Clay his best ‘I’m serious’ face, which probably translates more to a pout.

“Yes, I’m serious. Ever since I mentioned I had a boyfriend my viewers have been begging me for ages to have you on stream.” George trails behind Clay with his arms crossed petulantly, following Clay’s footsteps as he strides towards the cabinet, opening it up and grabbing a bowl inside. When Clay whips back around, George has him cornered against the counter, trying to get Clay to pay attention to him.

“Not happening,” Clay scoffs, and easily pushes his way out of George’s grasp.

George is definitely pouting this time while he watches his boyfriend pour a bowl of cereal and shuffle to the living room to take a seat on the couch. George silently follows Clay like a shadow and plops down next to him. Clay isn’t even paying attention to him as he takes out his phone and starts scrolling through twitter.

George wrinkles his nose when Clay takes a bite out of the cereal.

“I don't understand how you can eat that stuff, American cereal is ridiculously sweet.”

“Maybe that’s the reason I’m so sweet, then,” Clay jokes, but George doesn’t laugh.

He pushes Clay’s phone out of his hand, forcing Clay to actually look at him. “You’re not being sweet right now, you won’t even consider my proposition.”

“Remind me what you’re proposing again?” Clay asks, and George feels his ears heat up in frustration and embarrassment.

“I want you to join me on my stream.”

“And what do you expect me to do on said stream?”

George’s face turns redder. “Clay, quit acting stupid! You know what I’m asking of you.”

Clay takes another bite of cereal and George frowns as he speaks with his mouth full of food. “Oh right, it’s almost as if you’re asking a famous Youtuber to risk his career and fuck you on your camboy stream.”

George scoffs angrily. “Wow, very humble, mister *‘famous Youtuber’*. Sorry I invited you to one of my gross streams, how embarrassing,” he spits.

George watches as Clay’s face falls as he realizes how upset George actually is.

In the past, Clay has always made sure George knows he doesn’t look down on him just because he’s a camboy. George was initially ashamed to admit that the majority of his income came from him whoring himself out on the internet, but Clay has always been completely supportive. Maybe that’s why George has angry tears in his eyes right now as he stares back at his boyfriend.

Clay quickly sets his bowl down and cups George’s face with both hands. George tries to turn his head, but Clay strokes his cheek with his thumb and says, “Look at me, please.”

George reluctantly makes eye contact with his boyfriend.

“I’m sorry I made you upset. I don’t want you to think I’m ashamed of what you do, that’s definitely not the case.” George nods silently and Clay drops his hands from George’s face down to his lap. “I *do* want to join you in one of your streams, I’m just worried,” he admits. “If people find out it’s me, I don’t want it to cause a huge ruckus.”

“They won’t recognize you, no one even knows what you look like.”

“Yeah, but everyone knows my voice,” Clay sighs, running a hand through his hair. “If I say anything, they’ll know it’s me.”

“Easy, just don’t speak,” George supplies, and before Clay can argue, he continues, “And how much of an overlap do you think there is between my fanbase and your fanbase? You have teenage girls watching you and I have grown men watching me.”

Clay bites his lip for a second. “I’ll think about it.”

...

George jumps when he feels arms rest on his shoulders from behind and gently curl around his neck. He relaxes into the embrace when Clay rests his chin on top of his head and speaks, muffled in George’s hair.

“I’ve decided I’ll do it.”

George quirks an eyebrow. “Do what?”

“I’ll join you on your stream.”

George quickly squirms out of Clay’s grasp and whips around in his computer chair. Clay is looking back at him with a smug look on his face, obviously amused by George’s excitement.

“You’re serious? You’ll come on one of my streams?”

“Oh, I’ll come, alright,” Clay teases, and George shoves at his shoulder.

“Shut up,” George huffs. “So you’ll seriously do it?”

“Yes, baby, on one condition.”

George’s throat feels dry as he speaks. “What condition?”

“I get to do whatever I want to you.”

...

“Are you almost ready, Clay?” George calls out, adjusting his camera to make sure the bed is in frame. George seriously thinks he’s more nervous about this than Clay is. His boyfriend emerges from the bathroom, ruffling his hair to get it to lay just right. He’s wearing what George assumes is his green hoodie, he can’t really tell, and black joggers. George feels a little silly compared to him in his too big shirt and too small shorts.

Seemingly, Clay can sense George’s anxiety, so he pulls him aside.

“It’s okay, I’m nervous too. Pretend it’s just like one of your other streams, except I’m here. I’ll

make you feel good, baby, promise.”

“I know, I just keep getting this feeling like I'm forcing you to do this.”

“No, Georgie, I said I was fine with it. People won't figure out it's me, and your fans will probably love this stream.”

George just nods silently and crawls onto the bed. He lays his laptop at the foot of the bed and adjusts the external webcam on his tripod one more time just to make sure everything is in frame. Leaning down to his laptop, his mouse hovers over the “Go Live” button. Taking a deep breath, he finally clicks it.

In just a few seconds, people start streaming in. George recognizes a few of his regulars, and just from the way they're typing he can tell they're excited. He had tweeted about 30 minutes prior about a “surprise” on tonight's stream.

“Hi everyone,” he says, tugging on the hem of his shirt. The comments are already demanding to know what the surprise is, and he laughs a little. “Eager today, aren't we?” He teases, looking up at the camera. “If someone donates 20 dollars I'll tell you what my surprise is.”

Not even 5 seconds later, his computer dings with a notification that someone just donated.

“You guys are really excited!” George says, amused.

George's gaze flits up to where Clay is standing beside the bed next to him, just out of frame. He gestures for Clay to sit down next to him, and he does. When Clay edges into the view of the camera, the chat zooms by.

*who is that?*

*he's hot ;)*

*is he guna fuck u??*

“This is um... my boyfriend,” George says, awkwardly gesturing to Clay who just waves to the camera. “I invited him to come on stream because I thought you guys would like it.”

The chat spams a variety of ‘yes’s.

“He might not talk much because he's a little shy.” A blatant lie, Clay is always outgoing and never shy, and he can get especially demanding in bed, but for the sake of anonymity Clay can't let his voice be heard. “I hope you guys enjoy it anyway.”

George looks at Clay expectantly. He's nervous because in all of his streams he plans everything out and does everything himself, but now he's releasing all control to Clay. It's a little scary, but Clay gives him a reassuring nod and squeezes his hand.

Clay shuffles around on the bed and positions himself kneeling behind George. George gasps a little when arms circle around his waist, Clay's fingertips running lightly all across his abdomen. The light touches make him shiver and he can feel Clay smile into his neck as he continues trailing his hands across George's body. Clay slips his hand under Georges shirt and touches his bare skin, setting his nerves alight. His hands are warm, burning George's skin with every gentle touch.

As his hands glide from George's tummy up to his chest, his shirt is raised to reveal more of his body. George can see the comments praising him and his face starts to feel hot. He feels so

exposed with Clay's hand rucking his shirt up his body. Clay grasps the hem of his shirt and drags it up to George's mouth. George is confused for a moment, before Clay whispers "Bite," almost inaudibly in his ear. George blushes as he takes the hem of his shirt into his mouth, holding it up and exposing his torso for the stream to see.

Clay continues running his hands across George's body, scraping his fingernails slightly against the skin and leaving little red lines up and down his body that will disappear in a few minutes. The barely-there sensations are just enough to make George gasp and whimper, and he feels himself starting to grow hard in his shorts.

George slowly trails his own hands down to touch himself over his shorts, but Clay immediately pries his hands away. George whines petulantly and squirms under Clay's grasp. He wants to beg Clay to touch him, but his mouth is still preoccupied with holding up his shirt. He tries to pull his hands out of Clay's hold, but Clay just wordlessly pins his wrists behind his back with one hand. Clay doesn't say anything, but the command is there. *Don't touch.*

Clay's free hand returns to George's chest, ghosting above his skin. He gasps when one of Clay's fingers just barely brushes over his nipple, but Clay doesn't indulge him on it.

George is getting desperate, so he drops his shirt from his mouth and begs out a pathetic, "Please". George knows for a fact that if Clay could speak right now he'd be taunting and teasing him, he can practically hear Clay's voice in his head saying "*Please what?*".

"Please touch me," George whimpers.

Clay finally acquiesces, dropping his hand down to George's waistband and snapping it against his hip. George whines. Clay's fingers slowly dip under his shorts and he wraps his hand around George, making him gasp.

A donation flashes across the screen, and George had practically forgotten they were even streaming. The message attached to the \$50 donation simply read "*Take off ur pants*". George wants to cry at how he had *just* gotten his boyfriend to touch him, and now he has to pause the pleasure just to take off his clothes.

Clay releases his grip on George's hands that were pinned behind his back, and George quickly shimmies out of his pants and underwear, tossing them aside and leaning back against Clay. He's not sure what comes over him, but suddenly he feels exposed despite having been naked on stream dozens of times. It might have something to do with Clay being here and seeing him actually doing this in person.

The shyness that suddenly comes over him makes George close his legs and try to hide from the camera. Clay doesn't seem to be having it because he quickly grabs George's thighs and forces them apart, exposing him to the audience. George whines and tries to shut his legs again but the bruising grip Clay has on his thighs shows no mercy.

Clay starts stroking George again who is leaking heavily onto his stomach. His gasps and whimpers were pathetic, stifled moans echoing through the room while Clay touched him. The viewers were obviously enjoying it, George could tell that much from the various donation noises dinging from his laptop.

This was so much more different compared to his solo streams, George feels exposed and helpless, completely at Clay's mercy. When he does solo streams he is totally in control and just focused on pleasing the audience so he can make money, but having Clay with him on stream makes him feel vulnerable. It's just him and Clay, the audience being an afterthought.

Clay's hand suddenly retracts from George, making him whine desperately.

"No, no, please, I was so close," George begs, almost near tears.

Clay silently hops off the bed, leaving a cold empty space behind George that makes him shiver. George watches him as he grabs a shoebox from under the bed and opens it up. He audibly gulps as he watches Clay pull out a remote controlled vibrator and lube.

Clay sets the items on the bed, and begins manhandling George into the position he wants him in. George is lying on his back, parallel to the foot of the bed so that his side is facing the camera and he has to turn his head to look into the lens. He wants to tell Clay this angle isn't very clear for the audience, but every thought flies out of his head when Clay spreads his legs apart and presses a slick finger into him. George gasps loudly and throws his head back against the mattress, trying to push back onto Clay's finger. It's so much and not enough at the same time, so he pleads again.

"Please, more, please!"

Clay slides another finger in. George wants to touch himself so desperately, but he knows better than to do that without Clay's permission. Clay's long fingers touch him in just the right way and in just the right place, George feels on the brink of orgasm again.

Clay quickly pulls out his fingers, and George genuinely has tears in his eyes as he sobs at the removal of stimulation. George feels humiliated at being so completely desperate on camera, crying because his boyfriend quit touching him. The sobs that leave his mouth are utterly pathetic, and Clay tries to comfort him by gently stroking his cheek.

"So pretty," Clay murmurs just so George can hear him.

George's sniffing is cut off by the feeling of smooth plastic being pushed inside him. He whimpers and fists his hands in the bedsheets, trying so hard to resist the urge to touch himself. George's whole body is tensed, waiting for the moment that Clay turns on the vibrator. Clay seems to notice this and stalls turning on the vibrator. Replicating his earlier actions, he starts running his hands up and down George's thighs, gentle touches that only rile up his anticipation for the vibrations that are soon to come. George is so desperate and frustrated he shoves at Clay's hands and demands, "Fucking hell, get on with it already!"

Clay slaps his thigh hard, making him jerk. "Watch your fucking mouth," he threatens, momentarily forgetting that he shouldn't talk.

Despite the threat, Clay does in fact get on with it. The vibrator starts to buzz inside him, and George almost shrieks as Clay ups the intensity to near maximum. A notification is suddenly heard from his laptop, and George turns his head to look at the screen with bleary eyes. Another \$50 donation reads bright across the screen, stating "*Fuck his mouth, that will teach him to shut up*".

Clay smiles in a predatory way, and it makes George shiver. Clay grabs the vibrator remote and turns it down to a low setting, it's not nearly enough to make him come, just enough to keep him turned on and trembling for as long as Clay wants him to.

Clay seems almost giddy in the way that he shoves George flat against the bed crawling up his body and sitting on his chest. Clay palms himself over his joggers and pushes his thumb into George's mouth, watching him suck on it. George vaguely realizes this is the first time Clay has gotten any stimulation this whole night. His mouth waters as he watches Clay tug his joggers and underwear down past his hips, exposing his hard and leaking cock.

Clay removes his thumb from George's mouth, instead replacing it with his cock. George can hear him sigh audibly above him as he finally gets stimulation. George licks up the precum leaking from Clay's cock, trying his hardest to take more into his mouth despite the awkward position.

"Fuck, so good," Clay whispers as he fists his hand in George's hair. George has half the mind to tell Clay to *stop talking*, but he can't really do that given the way Clay is thrusting shallowly into his mouth.

George is helpless underneath his boyfriend, with Clay's hands holding his head still as he fucks his mouth and the vibrator still buzzing lowly inside him. He whimpers as he lets himself be used by Clay, spit and tears leaking down his face. He wants to reach down and stroke himself but he knows Clay won't allow it, so he just digs his fingers into Clay's thighs while the man slips his thumb in George's mouth alongside his cock.

It's almost too much for George, the combined sensations of the vibrator and his boyfriend speeding up the pace at which he's fucking George's mouth as he nears orgasm.

They're both snapped out of the moment when a loud notification sound is heard from George's laptop. George strains his eyes trying to look at the screen without letting Clay's cock slip from his mouth. It's a \$100 dollar donation requesting Clay to come on his face. George whimpers at the thought, and Clay seems visibly excited at the idea.

Clay fucks into George's mouth a few more times before pulling out and stroking himself at a fast pace. His breathing is heavy from exertion, and George screws his eyes shut, waiting for Clay to come. George hears Clay's broken moan first before he feels the warm, sticky liquid across his face. Clay spills across his nose, cheeks, and lips, thankfully avoiding his eyes. It's so filthy, but so hot at the same time, and George is so turned on he might die if he doesn't come soon.

Clay climbs off of where he was sat on George's chest, letting him sit up. He shoves George over towards the camera, demanding, "Show them."

The humiliation as George is forced to show off his face dripping with Clay's come turns him on so fucking much. Clay comes up behind him, reminiscent of how they started the stream, and brings his hand up to George's face. Taking one finger, he tries to collect as much of his come as possible and bring it to George's mouth. "Clean it," he whispers into George's ear.

George's face is on fire as he takes Clay's finger into his mouth and licks it clean.

The stream comments are flooded with people praising him, calling him a good boy, telling him how good he did.

"Please let me come," George begs, voice hoarse. He's been on edge this whole time, the vibrator making him so sensitive. He's completely wrecked, his face covered in spit, tears, and come, and all he wants is just to finally reach his climax.

Clay retrieves the forgotten vibrator remote and instantly turns the intensity to maximum, making George moan and double over. Clay's arms snake around his waist and he reaches down to jerk George off while the vibrator buzzes inside of him. George is trembling, squirming in Clay's grip at the overstimulation. It's absolutely too much, tears start forming in George's eyes again.

He lets out a sob as he finally comes, spilling all over Clay's hand. The orgasm washes over him, completely drowning him in it. George doesn't think he's ever had an orgasm as intense as that, he's still violently trembling as Clay turns off the vibrator and slips it out of him. Tears are streaming down his cheeks as he sobs and comes down from his high.

Clay coos and strokes at his hair, grabbing at a blanket to cover both of them. Donations from the stream are coming left and right, telling George how great he did, praising Clay for how well he wrecked George, and even donations requesting a round two.

George is obviously in no state to properly end his stream, so Clay waves at the camera politely and stops the stream.

Clay turns George around to face him and kisses his nose gently.

“You okay, Georgie?”

George takes a moment to catch his breath and wipe the tears from his eyes. “Fuck, I’ve never been better.”

Clay laughs out loud at that, wheezing a little bit. “I guess I wore you out, huh?”

George nods, exhausted.

“I think the audience loved it, though, considering all the donations,” Clay says, gesturing to the screen.

George’s mouth drops open when he sees his balance. He earned nearly \$1000 in that stream alone.

“Fuck, Clay, we need to do this again.”

...

It takes about a week before twitter goes crazy. One account posted a clip from George’s live of Clay speaking and captioned it, “*Is it just me or does this sound like Dream???*”. Not even an hour later, “Dream porn” was trending on twitter with thousands of tweets. George freaked out whenever he opened twitter and saw everything, but thankfully the consensus was that Clay was just a guy that sounded scarily similar to dream. That didn’t stop the fans’ imaginations going wild and posting clips of nearly every time Clay spoke or moaned in George’s stream.

Just scrolling through twitter, George could not tell you how many times he has seen the clip of Clay saying “*watch your fucking mouth*” with so many fanpages losing their minds over it. It almost gives him a sense of pride knowing the most these people could do is fantasize, but he gets the real thing.

Even so, George about had a heart attack whenever Clay told him that people had been sending him donations on his twitch streams asking about it.

“I’m sorry, what?” George asked incredulously.

“Yeah, someone sent me a dono asking me if I knew about it,” Clay laughs. He seems way too relaxed for this whole thing.

“What did you say?” George asks.

Clay just shrugs his shoulders. “I said that I saw it on twitter and thought it was funny. No way they’re gonna seriously think I did porn.”

George shoves his face in his hands and sighs heavily. Clay wheezes at the sight, patting his boyfriend on the back. “Seriously, don’t worry about it, Georgie.”



“Fine.”

“Although, people do keep sending me donos saying ‘watch your fucking mouth’ any time I ever curse. I think it’s a meme in the community now.”

George just stares at him.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

pt 2 as promised... ngl i wrote this in one sitting cause im not a good writer that plans things out lol i just write whatever, dont proofread, and then immediately post

this time its from dreams perspective! sorry if this is too rough lol dream is a sadist in this chapter

ik this is extremely unrealistic but its fanfiction so give me a break 🥲

It's been around two months since Clay and George's stream together, and it seems like the fans' obsession with *'the porn guy that sounds like Dream'* has relatively died down. Clay still gets random donos in his twitch stream making jokes about it, but he just easily laughs those off. It seems like everything worked out completely, no one actually thinks that *the Dream* fucked his camboy boyfriend live on stream.

Because everything turned out fine, George keeps begging Clay to join him on his stream again. To be honest, Clay thought it was gonna be a one time thing, until George kept telling him how many subscriptions he had gained from their single stream together, and the sheer amount of people he gets in the chat begging for Clay to come back.

"They want to see me get fucked for real," George says. "Last time was just my mouth, don't you want to actually fuck me?"

Clay feels himself getting hot under his collar at George's vulgar words. "Fine, I'll do it, but this can't become a regular thing," he says, crossing his arms. "Just because it worked out the first time doesn't mean people won't catch on eventually."

"Okay, just this once," George says with a smile, but Clay can tell it won't be 'just this once'.

"When do you stream next?"

"Tomorrow, but aren't you recording a video tomorrow?" George asks.

"Yeah, I'm gonna film with Sapnap tomorrow afternoon, but we can do your stream in the evening if that's okay?"

"Perfect," George says, and gives Clay a chaste kiss on the mouth before stepping out of the room.

...

"Sapnap, run!" Clay shouts at his computer, watching his friend get launched into the air by the ender dragon. He wheezes like a tea kettle as Sapnap misses his water bucket and the death message *'Sapnap hit the ground too hard'* pops up on his screen.

"*How did I miss that?*" Sapnap shrieks. Clay is too busy laughing so hard he thinks he might choke. They're streaming just a normal speedrun with two people, but both of them have been messing up the entire time.

He's not sure why Sapnap has been failing so much, but Clay's not surprised he's been messing up considering his mind has been off track the whole time. He keeps thinking about the stream tonight with George. The thought fills him with excitement and anticipation, just imagining what he's gonna do with George. What he's gonna do *to* George.

"Dream, stop laughing at me, it's not funny!" Sapnap shouts indignantly.

"I don't know, I think it's kinda hilarious," Clay says, still wheezing. He runs to go pick up all of Sapnap's items, grabbing his bow and placing it in his hotbar. Clay lines the bow up to an end crystal and pulls it back, and right as he's about to shoot, Clay's door swings wide open. His crosshair swerves and when he releases the arrow, it zooms right past the end crystal and into the void.

"Hey, are you finished recording? My stream starts in a half hour, so you better hurry up," George's voice comes from the doorway. Clay spins around in his chair, startled from George's sudden entrance.

"I- uh.. I'm streaming," Clay stutters. He quickly swivels back around to get to his mouse and mutes his mic. He slides his headphones off his ears and down to rest on his neck. "Shit, I'm sorry, I said we were gonna record a video but Sapnap wanted to stream instead."

"Oh... so your entire stream just heard me," George says with wide eyes.

Clay rubs at his eyes. "It would seem that way."

George just stares at him, not really sure what to say.

"You couldn't have knocked on the door?" Clay says, frustrated.

"Clay, you told me you would be filming a video, and that was nearly 3 hours ago. I thought you were finished, and even if you weren't I assumed you could just edit me out of the footage!"

Clay runs a hand through his hair anxiously. From his headphones that are still resting on his neck he can vaguely hear Sapnap speaking, the tinny little voice saying "*Dream? You still there?*".

"Ugh, I don't know, I'll tell them you're my roommate."

"Good luck explaining that one," George says, and Clay scoffs angrily. How come George is being a bitch when it's *his* fault that he is in this situation?

Clay watches as George walks out of his room, shutting the door behind him. He slides his headphones back on and returns to his computer, thinking carefully about how he should handle this. Clay unmutes his mic.

"Hey, sorry about that... it was my uh- roommate." Mentally, Clay is kicking himself for stuttering on his words. When he looks back at the screen, he can see that he died from the Ender Dragon's breath while he was talking with George.

"It's okay, Dream, welcome back," Sapnap says politely. Clay knows that Sapnap must have realized what happened, and is trying to play it off so people won't think too much about it.

Despite Sapnap's subdued reaction, the chat has gone mad.

*who was that???? Omg*

*hes ur roommate? But hes british*

*does anyone else think he sounded like that one guy from... u know*

*umm was that the camboy*

Fuck. *Shit*. This was not how this Twitch stream was supposed to go.

“Um, well, it looks like we both died from the Ender Dragon,” Clay says, and gives a half-hearted laugh. They were playing on hardcore difficulty, so the run is completely dead.

“I cannot believe I missed my mlg water!” Sapnap laments. Clay hears him slam his fists on his desk, and that gets a little laugh out of him.

“Sorry guys, but the run is dead,” Clay says, the frustration edging back into his voice, and he exits to the title screen. “I should probably get going.”

“Alright Dreamy, see you later!” Sapnap says cheerfully.

Clay quickly checks the chat before ending the stream. Still hundreds of people begging to know who the mystery man is, and a few dozen speculating if that voice really was who they think it is. Clay shuts off the stream.

He almost forgets he’s still in Teamspeak with Sapnap until he talks.

“Dude, what was that all about?”

Clay just groans loudly. “George came in. He thought we were finished recording, he didn’t know I was streaming live on Twitch.”

“When he mentioned his stream, did he mean...” Sapnap trails off.

“Yeah,” Clay mumbles, his face on fire. Sapnap of course knows about what George does and even if he hasn’t asked Clay about it, there’s no way he hasn’t seen the clips that circulated Twitter of the two of them.

“Sorry, I better go,” Clay says, and before Sapnap gets a chance to respond, he disconnects from Teamspeak.

*Fuck*. What the hell is he gonna do now?

Despite his mind warning him not to, Clay fishes his phone out of his pocket and opens twitter. With hesitant hands he goes to the search bar and carefully types ‘Dream’.

The search results are filled with people losing their minds. People begging to know if the voice on Dream’s stream really *was* that camboy, people reposting the clips of them fucking on George’s stream and comparing their voices. *Shit*, there really is no going back after this.

Clay groans to himself and runs his hand over his face. He looks at the time on his desktop and sees that George’s stream is scheduled to start in 20 minutes.

You know what? Fuck it.

Clay stands up from his computer chair and exits the room, beelining for George’s filming room. He turns the doorknob and swings the door open to find George setting up all of his filming stuff.

“Oh, hi Clay, I just assumed I would be filming by myself because...” George trails off, seeing Clay’s intense gaze on him. “...you know,” he finishes meekly.

“Start your stream.”

“Um, what? I still have about 20 minutes until-”

“I said start the stream,” Clay orders.

George gives him a confused look before reaching over to his laptop and hesitantly pressing the “Go Live” button. He sits back on the bed, centered in the camera frame, looking up at Clay expectantly.

Clay glances at the laptop screen to see George’s regulars in the chat combined with a dozen new users that keep mentioning Dream.

Clay climbs on the bed behind George, exactly like how they began their previous stream months prior. Instead of starting with gentle caresses and teasing like he did last time, Clay immediately grabs George’s wrists and pins them behind his back with one hand. He takes his free hand and fists it in George’s hair, tugging it hard and making George’s mouth drop open in a gasp.

“You’ve been bad today.”

Clay can see George’s eyes widen, and he whispers harshly to his boyfriend, “Clay, what are you doing?”

“Call me Dream,” Clay orders, pulling on George’s hair once more. “I’m punishing you for ruining my stream.”

He lets go of his grip on George’s wrists and hair, instead grabbing his body and manhandling George into laying across his lap. Not wasting any time, Clay immediately grabs George’s underwear and roughly tugs it off his body.

“Oh, shit!” George gasps as Clay lands a hard strike down on his ass.

“So, you decided you couldn’t wait for me to finish streaming and had to come into my room unannounced,” Clay spits out, slapping George hard once more.

“No, I didn’t know you were streaming, I- *Dream!*”

“You didn’t have to act like a bitch to me though,” Clay strikes him multiple times. “Fucking brat acting like it was my fault you came in without knocking.”

Clay knows he’s being excessively rough on George, but if this is the day people find out, might as well start off with a bang. He lands more spanks down on George’s ass while he squirms underneath him. Clay’s hand is stinging with the force he’s using, and he revels in the bright red handprints covering George’s skin.

“Little whore couldn’t wait for me to come fuck him on stream, huh?” Clay says, leaning over to look at George’s face. His poor boyfriend was red in the face with tears pricking at his eyes, looking up at Clay pitifully. “I’ll give you what you want,” Clay promises, but it comes out more like a threat.

He hauls George up off his lap and deposits him on the bed. When he sees George gasp in pain at the feeling of the bedsheets against his raw skin, Clay almost feels bad. Almost.

Reaching over to the bedside table, Clay grabs a bottle of lube. He pulls George towards him by his feet then shoves his torso backwards so he's flat against the bed. George seems to be taken aback by the aggressiveness that Clay is using, but Clay knows he would safeword if he wasn't comfortable.

Clay quickly lubes up two fingers and presses them into George. George gasps and squirms, trying desperately to get him to move his fingers.

"Please, Dream," George begs.

"Don't be greedy, you'll take what I give you."

Clay pushes his fingers in and out of George, scissoring them in an attempt to open him up. George is wriggling around and trying to push himself back onto Clay's fingers, moaning loudly.

"Quit fucking moving," Clay growls, and inserts a third finger. George is letting out the filthiest noises as he tries to get Clay to fuck him faster.

The stream is nearly forgotten at this point as Clay tries his best to focus on stretching George out. He can hear various noises coming from George's laptop signifying donations, but he has just tuned them out.

"Please Dream, I'm prepped, just fuck me," George pleads in between moans. God, Clay is so fucking hard from all of George's pretty noises.

He flips George around so that he's on his hands and knees, and places a hand between his shoulder blades to shove him down against the mattress, so that his ass is in the air. Clay hooks his thumbs into the waistband of his sweatpants and pushes them down to his thighs. Finally wrapping his hand around himself, he moans at the stimulation.

"Tell me you're sorry," Clay demands.

George whines, turning his head to look back at Clay who is looming over him, stroking himself slowly. "What?"

"I said say you're sorry. Apologize and I'll fuck you."

George swallows hard. "I'm sorry..."

Clay strikes his still sore ass, and he gasps sharply. "You can do better than that."

"Please, Cla-Dream, just fuck me," George begs pathetically. Clay is so desperate for stimulation he almost just wants to forget it and just fuck George, but he'd rather to humiliate his boyfriend in front of their live audience.

Clay threads his fingers through George's hair and pulls, hard. "What's so fucking difficult? *Say you're sorry.*"

George's voice breaks as he sobs out, "I'm so-orry, I'm sorry for coming in without knocking, I'm really s-sorry, Dream."

A thrill runs through Clay when he hears George's cries and sees tears start rolling down his boyfriend's cheeks. Fuck, he can't wait any longer.

"Good boy," Clay praises, lining himself up and pushing in.

He practically sees stars at the feeling of finally being inside George. He can tell George feels just as good by the way he's moaning around his hiccuping sobs. Clay pushes in as far as he can until his hips are touching George's sore, red ass. George gasps and tries to pull away, but Clay just grabs his hips and pulls him back until they're pressed flush together.

Clay starts up a quick pace, thrusting in and out of his boyfriend. George can barely keep his head up off the mattress, so Clay grabs George's hair once again and yanks him backwards, arching his back like a bow. George's mouth drops open, and Clay finally gets a good look at his face.

It's fucking perfect, his cheeks are red and his eyes are glossy with tears, and there's wet tear tracks down his cheeks.

"Is this what you wanted, huh?" Clay asks, not really expecting an answer. "Little brat didn't think there would be consequences, but now look at you," he laughs meanly, "Fucking crying while *Dream* wrecks you in front of a live audience."

George doesn't even respond, too busy letting out broken moans while Clay fucks him hard. Clay lets go of his hair and his front half collapses on the mattress. Clay reaches down and wraps his fist around George's cock, stroking him at the same fast pace at which he's fucking him.

"Does it feel good? Risking your boyfriend's career just so he'll fuck your pathetic ass on camera?" Clay grits out. His pace is starting to lose its rhythm as he reaches climax.

"Mm, y-yes it feels so good," George stutters, barely coherent.

He strokes George faster, causing George to start trembling underneath him.

"Dream, can I come, please?" He begs like he might burst into tears again if Clay tells him no.

Graciously, Clay tells him "Yes baby, go ahead," through clenched teeth as he chases his own orgasm.

George is the one that comes first, coming all over Clay's hand with a pitiful moan. He trembles as Clay keeps fucking him, not stopping or slowing down his pace at all. Clay fucks him with no mercy as he feels his climax approaching.

Finally fucking into George one last time, Clay thrusts in as deep as he can and comes inside him. Clay lets out the loudest moan he's made that night, thrusting shallowly into George as he spills every last drop of his come inside him. When he pulls out, he watches as some of his come leaks out of George and down his thighs.

Clay is suddenly aware of where they are and what they're doing again. He pulls his sweatpants back up and leans over to check the stream on George's laptop.

Jesus, Clay doesn't think George has ever had this many viewers on one of his streams. The chat zooms by at 100 mph, Clay can barely read it.

Clay looks into the camera and says, "Hope you enjoyed the show," before promptly ending the stream.

Clay quickly returns to George, who is collapsed against the bed.

"Shit, baby, you okay?" He says, helping George sit up and kissing his forehead softly.

"I'm fine, but what the fuck were you thinking?" George says, laughing slightly.

“God, I don't even know. I think this would've been inevitable.” George looks at him funny. “I mean people finding out, not me fucking your brains out.”

George scoffs. “Well, I guess this was one way for them to find out.”

Clay takes his thumb and gently wipes the tears off his cheeks. “Do you wanna take a bath?”

George nods and Clay picks up him in his arms bridal style, carrying him to the bathroom.

They'll worry about this tomorrow.

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